

REVUE STUDIOS  
UNIVERSAL CITY  
CALIFORNIA

PROD. #17142  
February 12, 1963 (F.R.)  
REV. 2/18/63 (F.R.)  
REV. 2/20/63 (F.R.)

ALCOA PREMIERE

"OF STRUGGLE AND FLIGHT"

By

Alvin Boretz

PROPERTY OF:

AVASTA PRODUCTIONS

PLEASE RETURN



ALCOA PREMIERE

PROD. #17142  
February 12, 1963  
REV. 2/20/63

"OF STRUGGLE AND FLIGHT"

CAST

FRED ASTAIRE

JOE HANEKE

LEE MATTHESON

PAUL EVANS

KAREN EVANS

STEVE

PAUL EVANS, JR.

HOWARD REED

WHITEY

FRED WELBY

AL

MANAGER

WILKINS

NOTE:    CHANGE JOE STALEY  
             TO JOE HANEKE  
             THROUGHOUT SCRIPT.

SETS

INTERIORS:

EVANS LIVING ROOM  
EVANS MASTER BEDROOM  
CLOSET IN BEDROOM  
PAUL JR.'S BEDROOM  
POLICE HEADQUARTERS CORRIDOR  
STALEY'S OFFICE  
MISSING PERSONS OFFICE  
GOVERNMENT BUILDING CORRIDOR  
FILLING STATION OFFICE  
TELEPHONE BOOTH AT FILLING STATION  
WHITEY'S BAR  
BACK ROOM OF BAR  
ANOTHER BAR  
KAREN'S ROOM AT ROOMING HOUSE  
CORRIDOR - ROOMING HOUSE  
STEVE'S ROOM - ROOMING HOUSE  
PHONE BOOTH ON STREET

EXTERIORS:

EVANS HOUSE  
STREET NEAR EVANS HOUSE  
LOS ANGELES STREET -  
             NEON LIGHTS  
ANOTHER LOS ANGELES STREET  
BEACH  
ROADSIDE SIGN - DANNING  
HIGH SCHOOL  
FILLING STATION  
HIGHWAY  
RACE TRACK AND CROWD  
L.A. POLICE HEADQUARTERS  
KAREN'S ROOMING HOUSE  
ALLEY



"OF STRUGGLE AND FLIGHT"

PROD. #17142  
February 12, 1963  
REV. 2/18/63

FADE IN

1 EXT. THE CITY - DAY - LONG, OVERHEAD SHOT (STOCK) 1  
The vast, unending maze.

FRED ASTAIRE'S VOICE  
Every hour...somewhere in the  
United States...someone disappears.  
A quarter of a million people  
every year.

2 EXT. EVANS HOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT 2  
A small, neat tract home...in a suburban development.  
FRED ASTAIRE stands outside the house.

ASTAIRE  
The reasons are as different as  
the people themselves. To an  
outsider, the disappearance  
sometimes would seem an  
impossibility. For the  
individual involved would  
appear to be living a "normal"  
happy life.

KAREN EMERGES from her house...starts down the walk and  
then down the street. As she does so, she passes Fred  
Astaire. He looks at her, then back at CAMERA.

ASTAIRE (contd)  
Like Karen Evans. With a young  
child...a hard-working husband...  
and no signs of unrest visible  
to her friends and neighbors...  
she is the last person to be  
considered as a potential missing  
person...yet within the next  
twenty-four hours....

3 EXT. STREET NEAR EVANS HOME - CLOSE ON KAREN 3  
CAMERA DOLLIES with her as she walks, ever more quickly,  
purposefully away from her home.

ASTAIRE'S VOICE  
...she will be so reported...to  
the Missing Persons Detail...of  
the Metropolitan Police.

DISSOLVE

3A EXT. BEACH - DAY 3A  
A person stands on a beach, looking out at  
the water.

FADE OUT



ACT I

FADE IN

4 EXT. EVANS HOUSE - DAY - TITLE FOOTAGE (45 FEET) 4  
Then, an unmarked police car pulls up and JOE HANEKE and  
LEE MATTHESON EMERGE. Haneke, 40, a man of great  
judgment, warmth and human understanding. Lee, about  
30, intense, rebellious, intellectually keen.

5 CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO MEN 5  
They glance at the street.

6 POV SHOT 6  
The long, unending sameness of the houses.

7 TWO SHOT 7

LEE  
You know what happened, don't  
you? She just walked into the  
wrong house and doesn't know  
it yet.

Haneke starts up toward the house. Mattheson continues  
to glance around for a moment, then he follows Staley.  
The latter presses the bell.

8 INT. EVANS LIVING ROOM - DAY 8  
Very modestly furnished...giving the impression that they  
have not been able to buy all the furniture yet. As the  
bell sounds again...PAUL EVANS appears in the doorway of  
the kitchen. He is in shirtsleeves and tieless. He is  
drying his hands on a towel quickly. He throws down  
the towel and starts toward the door. Paul is thirty.

9 MED. SHOT 9  
as he reaches the door and opens it to reveal the two  
officers.

HANEKE  
Mr. Evans?

Paul opens the door to admit them. They enter.

HANEKE (contd)  
(indicates Lee)  
Officer Mattheson. I'm Sergeant  
Haneke.

Paul nods quickly.

PAUL  
(worriedly)  
Have you found her?

CONTINUED



HANEKE

Not yet. There's just been a routine check so far. We need more information than the precinct here could give.

PAUL

Are you sure she's not in a hospital somewhere?

HANEKE

There's no one of her description.

PAUL

But it has to be that! There's been an accident or else...  
(hesitates)

LEE

This the first time it's happened?

Paul turns to him.

LEE (contd)

Her being away all night?

PAUL

(tight)  
Yes...first time.

HANEKE

Has she been ill, Mr. Evans?  
Taking any sort of treatment?

PAUL

(with great patience)  
No. She hasn't. She's perfectly well.

Mattheson starts to wander the room, taking it all in, with an experienced yet seemingly casual eye.

HANEKE

We'd like a photograph of her, please. For distribution.

Paul turns to cross the room, then instantly turns back.

PAUL

Look, Sergeant, let me explain something. I didn't ask for missing persons. They put me on to you. I called the police...because something's happened to her.

CONTINUED



9

CONTINUED

Paul sees Mattheson opening a closet door.

PAUL

(pointedly)

Can I help you?

LEE

Mind if I just look around?

PAUL

No, of course not.

LEE

If your wife left voluntarily...  
we can't bring her back. Law  
doesn't allow us.

Lee closes the closet door. Haneke glances at him, a  
trace of annoyance crossing his face.

PAUL

Look, maybe some of these other  
women...all those cases you  
handle...they leave home because  
they want to. Well, not my wife.

LEE

May I look in the bedroom?

He crosses to it, opens door.

10

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

10

As Lee enters. He comes into center of room and glances  
around. There is a huge tufted headboard and bed...and  
again the sparseness of good furniture. Lee crosses to  
closet...opens the door.

11

INT. CLOSET

11

looking out at Lee as he looks at dresses...all seeming  
to be in place...as is a coat. He bends down now...  
lifts the suitcases. Empty.

12

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

12

as he closes closet door. A door to an adjoining room  
opens and ten-year-old PAUL JR. stands there...looking  
up at Lee. The latter hears the door opening and turns.

13

CLOSE SHOT - LEE

13

for his reaction. His face hardens for a moment, then  
immediately softens.

LEE

Hi.



14

MED. SHOT

1

The boy is smeared with finger paints and he is holding a large sheet of paper he has smeared with his art.

PAUL JR.

Hello.

The boy crosses to him and we see he limps. CAMERA notes the reaction of Lee. The boy holds out the painting.

LEE

Pretty good. Who is it...Mona Lisa?

PAUL JR.

(laughs)

It's a horse.

LEE

(laughs)

I'm Lee Mattheson. What's your name?

PAUL JR.

Paul.

LEE

Like your Dad.

PAUL JR.

Mom doesn't like to say Junior.

Lee touches the boy's hair and a troubled, distant look appears in the man's eyes.

LEE

See you later, okay?

As he opens the door to leave the bedroom, the boy stares after him.

15

INT. EVANS LIVING ROOM

15

as Lee re-enters living room. **Haneke** is making a few notes, looks up as Lee enters. He sees the boy through the bedroom door. Paul notices his look.

PAUL

(to Staley)

That's Paul, Jr.

**HANEKE**

Hi, Paul.

CONTINUED



15

CONTINUED

(contd)

15

Paul, Jr., smiles, limps to the door, closes it. Haneke has noticed both the limp and the boy's shyness.

LEE

She doesn't seem to have taken anything.

PAUL

(quietly)

I could have told you that.  
She....

He stops as the front door opens and KAREN appears in the doorway. Paul freezes. As the two officers turn to see what he's staring at....

16

CLOSE SHOT - KAREN  
as she looks at Paul.

16

17

TWO SHOT - STALEY AND LEE

17

18

MED. CLOSE SHOT - PAUL

18

CAMERA FOLLOWS him as he moves up to Karen...searches her face for a quick, anxious moment. We see her fully now. A striking looking girl. Though she seems to have a cool, provocative composure...a closer look will detect an inner turbulence being held in check. Her speech is trenchant...self-possessed. Paul kisses her.

PAUL

What'd you do...lose your carfare?

KAREN

Something like that.

As she moves further into the room.

KAREN (contd)

A wild city. You know, they've got stores that stay open all night? Four AM I saw a woman buying a shower curtain in a supermarket.

(to the police)

Hello.

STALEY

Nice to see you, Mrs. Evans.

CONTINUED



PAUL  
(apologetically)  
This is Sergeant Haneke... Officer  
Mattheson.

He turns to her.

PAUL (contd)  
(an attempt at  
being light)  
They were about to classify you  
as a missing person.

LEE  
Case closed. The lady came home.

She turns to him...sensing the undertone in his comment.  
There is a look between them.

KAREN  
The lady never even left.

Lee glances at the room where the boy is.

LEE  
He'll be glad to know.  
(to Haneke)  
I'll wait for you.

He crosses to door, exits, as --

HANEKE  
The question seems unnecessary...  
but you are all right?

KAREN (nodr)  
Your young friend can call off  
the inquest.

HANEKE  
We're glad you're back.

He holds out his hand to Paul...who takes it.

HANEKE (contd)  
Goodbye, Mr. Evans.

He looks at them...a moment of trouble on his face.  
As Haneke crosses to open door...



18

CONTINUED

(contd)

18

PAUL

Thank you, Sergeant.

Haneke lifts his hand in response...glances at them both again briefly and then exits.

19

EXT. EVANS HOUSE - DAY

Haneke emerges and CAMERA FOLLOWS him to sidewalk where Lee is leaning against the car...watching some children playing. Lee holds a match for him and Haneke lights up.

19

HANEKE

Seems a waste to leave this place.  
We'll only be back.

LEE

All she did was dance all night.

HANEKE

Don't moralize, boy. It's too easy. And besides you're wrong.

LEE

Somebody's reaching out for her.  
It's a change from living with cheap furniture in a house they can't afford.

HANEKE

(trace of irritation)

I told you. Too easy. It was a walkout...impulsive. This time she came home. Next time...

(shrugs...then a trace of fatalism)

He gets in the car and Lee crosses around to the driver's side. He gives a final look at the house.

20

INT. EVANS MASTER BEDROOM - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - KAREN

She is holding her son closely. Outside, we hear the car start and move off. She kisses him.

20

KAREN

You taste like marshmallows.

PAUL JR.

(expectant)

Can I have one?

KAREN

Big, fat, warm marshmallows.

CONTINUED



20

CONTINUED

(contd)

20

PAUL JR.

On the barbecue. All I want is one.

She rises.

KAREN

In the kitchen. But only one. Then you've got to get ready for school.

He gets up and moves as quickly as he can across the room. CAMERA sees the hurt on her as she watches him. She glances toward the half open door...waiting expectantly and worriedly for her husband to appear. She looks into the mirror nervously...her tension beginning to manifest itself. She turns toward the door again but he still doesn't appear. She crosses to door...looks out.

21

POV SHOT - KAREN

21

Paul is at the window...staring out.

22

INT. LIVING ROOM

22

as Karen emerges from the bedroom, Paul turns to a table to kill a cigarette and reaches for her, embracing her.

PAUL

(gently)

Thought you'd be asleep by now.

Karen smiles at him.

PAUL (contd)

Up all night, you ought to be unconscious.

KAREN

(brightly)

Don't I make a pretty apparition?  
Or do I look better...ethereal?

PAUL

You look good both ways.

KAREN

You like me.

PAUL

I like you very much. That makes me lucky. I've got what I like.

KAREN

(still in embrace)

You like me so much you'd rather not even ask me where I was last night.

CONTINUED



He turns away, crossing to fold some blueprints on the table, begins to fold them.

PAUL

I know you think sleeping is a waste of time. But get some anyway...then we'll all go out to dinner.

KAREN

You know something? I should have married an evangelist. Pour out your sins, he'd say. Let them wash out of your soul. Come on, Karen baby. Lay it on the line. Where'd you go and what'd you do? What streets did you run on? You, a wife and mother. Confess, Karen, baby... open up your heart and I'll open wide my arms and bless you.

Paul tries to hide his disturbance at her tension by going along with her.

PAUL

I hear the tambourines. Hallelujah.

KAREN

Hallelujah, brother. How about joining us? What's bugging your soul? Stand right up here and tell us all.

PAUL

Karen.

KAREN

(sweeping on)

Your folks, you say. They're coming west. First visit in years.

PAUL

Karen, let it go.

KAREN

And they're going to see your boy, is that it? And you never told them how bad he really was hurt?

CONTINUED